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SENSES AND SENSE.

It is said that Nast's pictures did more to destroy Tweed and Tweedism in New York city than the editorials of Curtis, the sermons of Beecher or the figures of Greene. Tweed remarked, "My constituents" (*i. e.*, those whose votes secured his election) "do not read essays, hear sermons or 'cipher,' but they see me made ridiculous by Nast's caricatures." Truth gets power with the masses when it enlists in its service the pencil of an artist. Error is subject to a similar law. War owes much of its glamour to sculpture and painting. It courts decoration and display. Boston in August was bedizened with flags and decorations. The child who looked upon them and the abounding war pictures may have never learned to read even the alphabet, but it was impressed by the music, the marching, the uniforms and the colors. That which appeals successfully to the intelligence that is lowest, is not excluded from the highest; hence Boston from bottom to top was for the time intoxicated with the giddy crowds and the gorgeous display. But the unintelligent at last get tired, even of a circus; the thinking people soon weary of mere spectacles. The careworn, thoughtful faces of many of the "veterans" seemed to us strangely out of harmony with much that the present generation of men who never fought, did to honor itself in their sight. It came, and it is gone. The whole city afterwards seemed dull and stupid by contrast. Its senses have been captivated. Its sense has been but little fed. Indeed, reason too was compelled to wait before it could assert its prerogative. Reflection says, *cui bono?*

A distinguished officer of the war put this question better than he does the answer to it. He says:

"The war is over; slavery with its irritating, virulent curse is dead; why, then, meet and revive memories which will have a tendency to keep alive our differences and perpetuate our strife? Why make up books of poems, orations and letters which so glorify the nation as to fill with bitterness our opponents who have now come back to equal privileges and equal responsibilities with ourselves?"

The answer, to which we referred, is in substance this:

"To keep alive the deeds of the war; help us to care for the families of needy ones; to cultivate a spirit of genuine loyalty to the old flag."

To keep "alive" I suppose means not literally the deeds, but the recollection and effects of them. In so far as these were patriotic and self-sacrificing, and so far as they resulted in the abolition of slavery and the unity and perpetuity of a nation which embodies more of the highest hopes of mankind than any other, it is well that they should be kept alive. But great excursions and immense military encampments undertaken at a cost that would carry comfort to thousands of needy households, are surely not necessary, especially as Congress eagerly appropriates an increasingly vast amount for pensions. As to a "spirit of loyalty to the old flag," we would suggest that this might be cultivated with less repetition, emphasis and especially eulogy upon deeds of blood. We certainly join in the concluding prayer of the writer above quoted, namely, that the army reunions may not hinder but promote an appreciation of Christian sacrifice, and conduce to the eternal happiness of those who survived the war. But some experience and much observation of these reunions of veteran soldiers suggest a serious doubt whether it would not be necessary in order to answer such a prayer to resist rather than augment their dominant spirit.

THE BOSTON STATE HOUSE.

At the close of the great bustling "Grand Army" celebration in Boston, Hon. John D. Long read a sweet poem at Mrs. Logan's Concord reception, of which the following is an extract:

The city roofs are clustered in the green
Luxuriant foliage of the summer leaves.
While near at hand, against these marble walls
Sweep up soft lawns like emerald set in pearl.
The hum of the long summer day is past,
And silence, yet more eloquent has come —
The silence of the hushing of the earth,
As if in his great arm God gave it rest.
Sweetness and light are laid upon its face —
The sweetness of the light of dying day,
So exquisite that, though it seems unwaned,
It quenches not the young moon's crescent horn
Which shines serene and clear half up the sky.
Sweetness and light it is, but, more than these,
It is the embodied paradise of peace, —
The peace of Nature's love enfolding down,
The peace that puts to rest the heart of man,
The peace of land and people blessed by God.

PRAYER AT THE CONGRESS.

Arrangements were made by the committee of organization, and sanctioned by the Bureau for a prayer-meeting to be held for three-quarters of an hour before each morning sitting. The Bureau also recommended that all who wished to commence the proceedings of the Congress with prayer should be in their place five minutes before the formal opening; this was done, and vocal prayer engaged in each morning. Prayer, therefore, had as much official recognition as was possible. The Congress unanimously opened one of its sittings with an interval of silent prayer, after the custom of the Society of Friends; and at the final sitting, with equal unanimity, adopted a resolution acknowledging its dependence on Almighty God and expressing its gratitude to Him for the unanimity and concord which he had breathed into its deliberations. At least, three special religious services, at which sermons were preached, were arranged as part of the proceedings of the Congress besides a large number of other services connected with it. One of these special services was held in Dr. Joseph Parker's church, the City Temple. The Christian mottoes placed on the walls of the room in which the Congress assembled day by day, declared silently the prevailing sentiment of the Congress, the majority of whose members were professedly Christians. — *Rev. W. Evans Darby in The Christian World.*

The great cost to a nation of a standing army is found in the spirit of militarism, in the false ideals of life arising from it, and in the wars that come from the necessity of giving armies something to do. The Universal Peace Congress which has just closed its sessions in London, looks like a ripple on the bosom of an ocean tide. It does not seem as if universal peace were more than a remote contingency. But the decisions of this Congress have a certain weight even in this age of militarism, and the leading statesmen of Europe are ready to admit, as they have not been before, that the settlement of international disputes by conference or arbitration is the only method that is worthy of Christian nations in dealing with each other. — *The Watchman.*